

That he his high Authority abus'd,
And did deserue his change: for what I haue conquer'd,
I grant him part: but then in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd Kingdoms, I demand the like
Mec. Hee'l neuer yeeld to that.

Ces. Nor must not then be yeelded to in this.

Enter Octavia with her Train.

Octa. Haile *Cesar*, and my L. haile most deere *Cesar*.

Cesar. That euer I should call thee Cast-away.

Octa. You haue not call'd me so, nor haue you cause.

Ces. Why haue you stoln vpon vs thus? you come not
Like *Cesar's* Sister, The wife of *Anthony*.
Should haue an Army for an Vther, and
The neiges of Horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appeare. The trees by th' way
Should haue borne men, and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the dust
Should haue ascended to the Roofe of Heauen,
Rais'd by your populous Troopes: But you are come
A Market-maid to Rome, and haue prevented
The ostentation of our loue; which left vnshewne,
Is often left vnlo'd: we should haue met you
By Sea, and Land, supplying euery Stage
With an augmented greeting.

Octa. Good my Lord,

To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My Lord *Marke Anthony*,
Hearing that you prepar'd for Warre, acquainted
My greued care withall: whereon I begg'd
His pardon for returne.

Ces. Which soone he granted,

Being an abstract twene his Lust, and him.

Octa. Do not say so, my Lord.

Ces. I haue eyes vpon him,

And his affaires come to me on the wind: where is he now?

Octa. My Lord, in Athens.

Cesar. No my most wronged Sister, *Cleopatra*
Hath nodd'd him to her. He hath giuen his Empire
Vp to a Whore, who now are leuying
The Kings o'th' earth for Warre. He hath assembled,
Bachus the King of Lybia, *Archilanus*
Of Cappadocia, *Philadelphos* King
Of Paphlagonia: the Thracian King *Adullas*,
King *Manchus* of Arabia, King of Pont,
Herod of Iewry, *Antipatrides* King
Of Comagene, *Polemon* and *Aminas*,
The Kings of Mede, and Licoania,
With a more larger List of Scepters.

Octa. Aye me most wretched,
That haue my heart parted betwixt two Friends,
That does afflict each other.

Ces. Welcome hither: your Letters did with-holde our
Till we perceiu'd both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger: cheere your heart,
Be you not troubled with the time, which driues
Ore your content, these strong necessities,
But let determin'd things to destinie
Hold vnbewayl'd their way. Welcome to Rome,
Nothing more deere to me: You are abus'd
Beyond the marke of thought: and the high Gods
To do you Iustice, makes his Ministers
Of vs, and those that loue you. Best of comfort,
And euer welcom to vs.

Agrip. Welcome Lady.
Mec. Welcome deere Madam,
Each heart in Rome does loue and pity you,
Onely th' adulterous *Anthony*, most large

In his abominations, turnes you off,
And giues his potent Regiment to a Trull
That noyes it against vs.

Octa. Is it so fit?

Ces. Most certaine: Sister welcome: pray you
Be euer knowne to patience. My deere Sister, *Exit*

Enter Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.

Cleo. I will be euen with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forepoken my being in these warres,
And say'st it is not fit.

Eno. Well: is it, is it.

Cleo. If not, denounc'd against vs, why should not
we be there in person,

Eno. Well, I could reply: if wee should serue with
Horse and Mares together, the Horse were meely lost:
the Mares would beare a Soldiour and his Horse.

Cleo. What is't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle *Anthony*,
Take from his heart, take from his Braine, from's time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for Leuitie, and 'tis said in Rome,
That *Photinus* an Eunuch, and your Maides
Mannage this warre.

Cleo. Sink Rome, and their tongues for
That speake against vs. A Charge we beare i'th' Warre,
And as the president of my Kingdome will
Appere there for a man. Speake not against it,
I will not stay behinde.

Enter Anthony and Camidius.

Eno. Nay I haue done, here comes the Emperor.

Ant. Is it not strange *Camidius*,

That from Tarentum, and Brundisium,

He could so quickly cut the Ionian Sea,

And take in Troine. You haue heard on't (Sweet?)

Cleo. Celerity is neuer more admir'd,

Then by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,

Which might haue well becom'd the best of men

To raunt at slacknesse. *Camidius*, wee

Will fight with him by Sea.

Cleo. By Sea, what else?

Cam. Why will my Lord, do so?

Ant. For that he dares vs too't.

Eno. So hath my Lord, dar'd him to single fight.

Cam. I, and to wage this Battell at Pharsalia,

Where *Cesar* fought with *Pompey*. But these offers

Which serue not for his vantage, he shakes off,

And so should you.

Eno. Your Shippes are not well mann'd,

Your Mariners are Milites, Reapers, people

Ingroft by swift Impresse. In *Cesar's* Fleete,

Are those, that often haue gainst *Pompey* fought,

Their shippes are yare, yours heavy: no disgrace

Shall fall you for refusing him at Sea,

Being prepar'd for Land.

Ant. By Sea, by Sea.

Eno. Most worthy Sir, you therein throw away

The absolute Soldiership you haue by Land,

Distract your Armie, which doth most consist

Of Warre-markt-footmen, leaue vnexecuted

Your owne renowned knowledge, quite forgoe

The way which promises assurance, and

Giue vp your selfe meely to chance and hazard,

From firme Securitie.

Ant. He fight at Sea.

Cleo. I haue sixty Sailes, *Cesar* none better.

Ant. Our ouer-plus of shipping will we burne,
And with the rest full mann'd, from th' head of Aetion
Beate th' approaching *Cesar*. But if we faile,
We then can doo't at Land. *Enter a Messenger.*

Thy Businesse?

Mes. The Newes is true, my Lord, he is desier'd,

Cesar ha's taken *Toryne*.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'Tis impossible

Strange, that his power should be. *Camidius*,

Our nineteene Legions thou shalt hold by Land,

And our twelue thousand Horse. Wee'l to our Ship,

Away my *Thetis*. *Enter a Soldier.*

How now worthy Souldier?

Soul. Oh Noble Emperor, do not fight by Sea,

Trust not to rotten planks: Do you misdoubt

This Sword, and these my Wounds; let th' Egyptians

And the Phoenicians go a ducking: wee

Haue vs'd to conquer standing on the earth,

And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away. *Exit Ant, Cleo, & Eno.*

Soul. By *Hercules* I thinke I am i'th' right.

Cam. Souldier thou art: but his whole action growes

Not in the power on't: so our Leaders leade,

And we are Womens men.

Soul. You keepe by Land the Legions and the Horse

whole, do you not?

Eno. *Marcus Octavius*, *Marcus Iulius*,

Publicola, and *Celcius*, are for Sea:

But wee keepe whole by Land. This speede of *Cesar's*

Carries beyond beleefe.

Soul. While he was yet in Rome.

His power went out in such distractions,

As beguilde all Spies.

Cam. Who's his Lieutenant, heare you?

Soul. They say, one *Tourmus*.

Cam. Well, I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Emperor calls *Camidius*.

Cam. With Newes the times wit a Labour,

And throwes forth each minute, some. *Exit*

Enter Cesar with his Army, marching.

Ces. *Tourmus*?

Tow. My Lord.

Ces. Strike not by Land,

Keepe whole, prouoke not Battaille

Till we haue done at Sea. Do not excede

The Prescript of this Seroule: Our fortune lyes

Vpon this iumpe. *Exit.*

Enter Anthony, and Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our Squadrons on yond side o'th' Hill,

In eye of *Cesar's* battaille, from which place

We may the number of the Ships behold,

And so proceed accordingly. *Exit.*

Camidius Marcheth with his Land Army one way ouer the

stage, and Tourmus the Lieutenant of Cesar the other way:

After their going in, is heard the noise of a Sea fight.

Alarm. *Enter Enobarbus and Scarus.*

Eno. Naught, naught, al naught, I can behold no longer:

Thantoniad, the Egyptian Admirall,

With all their sixty flye, and turne the Rudder:

To see't, mine eyes are

Eno. What's thy

Scar. The greater

With very ignorance

Kingdome, and Prou

Eno. How appea

Scar. On our side

Where death is sure.

(Whom Leprosie o'r

When vantage like a

Both as the same, or

(The Breeze vpon he

Hoists Sailes, and flye

Eno. That I behe

Mine eyes did ficken

Indure a further view

Scar. She once bei

The Noble ruine of h

Claps on his Sea-win

Leauing the Fight in

I neuer saw an Actio

Experience, Man-ho

Did violate so it selfe

Eno. Alacke, alacke

Cam. Our Fortun

And sinkes most lame

Bin what he knew him

Oh his ha's giuen exa

Most grossely by his

Eno. I, are you th

indeede.

Cam. Toward Pel

Scar. 'Tis easie too

And there I will atten

Camid. To *Cesar*

My Legions and my

Shew me the way of

Eno. He yet follow

The wounded chance

Sits in the winde aga

Enter A

Ant. Hearke, the L

It is asham'd to beare

I am so lated in the w

Haue lost my way for

Laden with Gold, tal

And make your peace

Omnes. Fly? Nor

Ant. I haue fled m

To runne, and shew th

I haue my selfe resolu

Which has no neede

My Treasure's in the l

I follow'd that I blus

My very haire do mu

Reproue the browne

For feare, and doting

Haue Letters from m

Sweepe your way for

Not make replies of

Which my dispaire p

Which leaues it selfe

I will possesse you of